

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

J. D. BARRAGE,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

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All letters and papers intended for publication, please address the "Editors of the Breckenridge News," or "Editors of News," at the Breckenridge News Office, address to J. D. Barrage.

All communications must be accompanied by the name of the author. We will, by request, withhold the name from the public.

WALLACE GRUBBLE, Editor.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1879.

BRANK, of Maine, is a humbug-see with the string extracted. All he can do is to say "I am a humbug."

For MULLENBACH has gone to writing verse. We had no suspicion that he was a tawdry liar.

The Owingville appetite conversation, in nominating Hargis, insured a Radical success to Judge Elliott.

"Grant drinks beer" Ah! then the crow is a hero after that of King Gambrinus, whose kingdom is located in Dutch beliefs.

Divros, of the Newport Local, pretends that he is being transformed into a female. We'll wager he is facing up a joke on March.

A Michigan paper calls Representative Barrows, of its State, a fool. It is rather a high valuation on the fellow's intellect.

A Republican exchange accuses us of designing Senator Howe as a knave. We did nothing of the kind. We have never rated him above a knave.

Old June Grey Seiselman is babbling highly excited stories of his own ownership, thinly disguised as the experiences of young Jumbo girls.

It looks as if the young man who wants to marry the daughter of a rich old heifer, has a dead sure thing of it when he hires himself as a coachman to the girl's father.

EMERY LOAN intimates that the Commercial Grower Kentucky story to be found on our fourth page is a lie. It is a lie, it is true. This month's irrepressible conflict is thus out of the country.

The Ohio County News thinks that Grant "throttled the Confederate Republic." We always thought that it was the United States courts he throttled, in the case of his Whisky Ring partners from the penitentiary.

Money's (of the Cincinnati News) pet name for the Radical Congressmen is "skunks." He, probably, has examined the acts of the several Radical Congressmen and found that the tail of the varmint is over them all.

COCKING, of New York, is composed of equal parts of vanity and pretension. He is neither a fool nor a wise man. Like the woodpecker, the shrewdest thing about him is his head. If he had but he could peck himself a peacock.

WASNEY John A. Logan reads a speech from manuscript, yet he fails the grammar correct, for he wrote it. But when he speaks offhand, then the skeleton of Lindy Murray gets in touch, and the skeleton of speech that of holding a mass indignation meeting.

The whole thing lies in a nutshell. Shall we have, untrammelled elections? and shall we have untrammelled elections and impartial justice? The Democratic answer, No. The Republican answer, No. The first offer us liberty, the other threaten us with slavery. Choose ye between them, O people!

SCROTT three men are standing each at the corner of a triangle, and one of them fires at the other two and misses him. It is possible for his bullet to kill the other two, who occupy an opposite corner of the triangle? A Harrison county jury, the other day, decided that Magrill killed John Metcalf in exactly that manner.

The Nelson Record degrades itself by stooping to controversy with the Louisville Post. That vile sheet leans about the same relation to the decent papers of Louisville that the Lafayette street demagogue does to the respectable sheet of that city. Its vilification of Dr. Hollister, and abuse of the Breckenridge Yeoman, Nelson Record, and Breckenridge News is the highest compliment it can pay us all.

The Burlington Hawkeye—and all the other Republican papers, for that matter—calls Gen. Chalmers "the butcher of Fort Fisher." When Gen. Grant was alive, he was the butcher. Should Chalmers die, he would be the butcher. He is a man who would be the butcher of the Union.

On, yes, certainly. Every Republican Senator and Representative have said they would cheerfully vote for the repeal of the law authorizing the use of the veto at the polls if the Democrats would offer the proposition as an independent measure, instead of a rider to an appropriation bill.

So they did, every member of the Senate, when Senator Bayard, taking them at their word, introduced a separate bill repealing the obnoxious law, every man-jack of them in the Senate promptly and cheerfully voted to antagonized his measure. On, yes, the only way to arrive at the true intention of a Republican Congressmen's intention, is to interpret his declaration as you would an Irishman's.

TO A GIRL FRIEND.

When Fate writes its decrees in star words,
Upon the bounding heavens in the mid hour
Of night, and when the stars are dim,
When the world is dreaming, and life's sleep
Of the sea;

When the pleasure's tone and deep base
Of the sea;
Mingles on the twilight in wondrous harmony,
I look upon the star-veiled and read the wail
Of thee.

I read of beaming beauty's lissom form and
Leaping eye
I read of radiant heart-dreams, sweetly born
To swiftness;

Of lips meeting in kisses, of hopes that bud
And bloom
Like blossoms of the graveyard to perish
On a tomb;

I read of years on-coning, bringing both joy
And pain;
I read of the memories of death and buried
youth.

I read of joys far greater than any you have
known;
Of pleasures purer, sweeter, than any that
have been.

Of a fair home-coming, where Love's away
is a presence,
Where life is smooth and tranquil as the eury-
clime.

With children's merry prattle and a mother-
love serene,
And loving hearts for subjects and you their
crowned queen.

WALLACE GRUBBLE.

THE WAY TO REMEDY.

The complaint of the Covington Commis-
sioners that the small section of the State
known as the Bluegrass region gets all the
prominent offices is only too well grounded.

It has both United States Senators, a
Representative, and the best of the best of
the State, it has the present Governor, the
Secretary of State, the Auditor, the
Treasurer, and the Superintendent of
Public Instruction. Yet, true as this is, all
these men of Bluegrass descent were nominated
by a Democratic State Convention—except
the Secretary of State, who holds an appoint-
ment.

It is a curious fact that the majority of
the members of the State Convention, who
conferred the nominations upon the nominees
there, were not from the Bluegrass region.

Therefore it must have been pure
Bluegrass luck that attended and gratified
their aspirations for position, and we are no
reasonable excuse for raising a sectional
ruction with the Bluegrass State on account
of it.

At the same time, we believe that
the officers could be equally well selected
from the several sections of the State, in
a manner that would prove acceptable to
all hands, and not injure the public service.

For some time we have seriously thought
of presenting a plan to the Democracy which
would not only bring about this desirable
result, but would have the better effect of
putting a stop to the sectional feeling.

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THE OBITUARY NEWS is working itself
into a passion without the least reason
over Southern measures, and most qualify
its assertion that the leaders and leaders of
those measures have been punished. It
remembers one of those slaughterings
(that occurred in Louisiana—the worst and
bloodiest of them all)—a gang of cut-throats
murdered the late of Gen. Sherman, and
blinded Jack Wharton, said. After murder-
ing many negroes in Texas parish as he
was bound to, he fled to New Orleans and
proclaimed his admission to the Republic.
As the Texas measure occurred in the
nick of time to assist Grant in 1868, that
official, had called upon to bring Master
Jack to book for his vile murder, which he
did, very severely, by confining

him on one of the fastest of his gift.
Subsequently, I have, thinking that I
had not been sufficiently punished, again
crushed the poor devil into the dust with
the weight of another fat office. Let not the
New York law open its eyes and heart and
say now that not one of the Southern mur-
derers was ever punished.

HARDINSBURG.

There's no fish in the Duck Pond.
Come on, boys, with your independent
candidate. We have a nominee that can
lick him.

Brown Helm, of Union Star, was in town
last Friday.

There's a fishing party off this week, for
a few days' camp at Herd's Creek.

Mrs. Louisa Gregory, wife of W. H.
Gregory, died last Monday, at a quarter
past eleven o'clock, A.M., of consumption.

There are sixteen children on one
street in this place.

One interesting feature in our literary
series, is addressed by the members of
the legal fraternity. They are always pre-
sent to say something good. For the bene-
fit of that old maid at Cloverport, we will
say that it is not connected with the
Misses.

That old maid at Cloverport says, "we
are all intelligent." Truly you are, and we
love you the better for it. As to this thing
of marrying, she says it's too risky. Are
that's well said. But we would like to know
how the deuce you know we much about
it, if you never had a chance to take any.

The town is dull since court adjourned.

Rev. W. Lambuth, who has been quite ill,
is able to be out again.

Mr. J. D. Beeler, of the firm of Beeler &
Beeler, thinks of quitting the mercantile
business, and moving to the country. He
owns one of the best farms in Breckenridge,
and will remove as soon as it is completed.

BEWLEYSVILLE.

Sunday exercises—pitching horse-shoes
and playing croquet.

Say, you gunners; let the birds light!
Miss Mattie Lewis is visiting friends and
relatives near Bewleysville.

Cale, before you take that fair clouds out
riding again, put a few rocks in her side of
the buggy.

That "ham man" is still going out to see
the little dogs. We hope he will get enough
of them soon.

Have mild he was going to whip some
one if he found out any thing and said
that we had story. So somebody said;
but we have not heard any thing of the
light as yet.

With out, Miss Minnie, Miss Jennie is
thinking a little too much of Miss Annie
H—.

On Hugh's height he stands,
And calls a wretched
To Frank's and happy land,
Oh there to live and die.

He don't want any bridge.
And country roads for
He'll pick all the money.
And Broderick's ready too.

A SERENADE—A serenade was given to
Mr. Robert Cross, an old citizen of this
county, by his near and intimate friends,
Mr. C. and Mr. J. James Anderson, Sr.
Those two musicians, of long notoriety for
their excellent musical talent and dexterity
in the handling of their several instru-
ments, went to the quiet home of Mr. Cross
on the evening of the 15th of April, it
being his birthday, to celebrate the same
and show their appreciation of the old gen-
tleman. The music was given by the two
troubadours, it being the hour of 11 o'clock
when the two trouble-
dours, with their favorite instruments—the
horse-fiddle of Dr. Anderson and the dumb-
bell of Dr. Campbell. The instruments
were their dearest with Will Hay's
"Drummer Boy of Shiloh." They con-
cluded with the parody, "If I can sleep-
deed, I am going home again." They
were exceedingly pleased by the host. It
was an old music, but the musicians con-
sidered to leave their instruments until the
weather was more favorable. Mr. Cross
holds them in high esteem.

Yea, John is loving, Virg,
That is a certain thing.
You had better go down on Ben's poems,
And keep an eye on Big Spring.

Vive, Virg, Karer.

MT. ZION.

It is now the middle of April, and not a
peach bloom in the neighborhood.

The apple and cherry trees are full of
bloom, and if we have no more frost we
expect an abundant crop.

A great many tobacco plants have been
destroyed in the creek by the late frosts,
but the farmers are sowing their seeds over
although it is late.

What is looking well, and if nothing hap-
pens to it we expect a heavy crop, as there
is an unusual large crop on the ground.
We are expecting a good crop of grain, as
we as usual after a hard winter. Extrater-
restrial ideas, we are losing no time, and
hope to be rewarded for our labor in a rich
harvest.

Mr. A. V. Murrain and lady, formerly
of Big Spring, made county here, moved
into our midst, and are repairing in such
a manner as to make an old farm house look
like a new one. Come on, several some-
thing.

Bus C—, do not slip your walk any
more up the carpet at Mr. S—'s.

John M., take better hold on the plate
of biscuit, or Mrs. — will have to keep
the girls in the parlor.

We are making an effort to get a post-
office in the neighborhood, midway between
Hardinsburg and Middlesboro, at V. H. Butler's,
on the Lafayette road. Success. Then,
Mr. Editor, you may expect several new
subscribers, as several are promised.

It is rumored hereabouts that C. A. S—
of Middlesboro has taken a Board of ad-
visers, and is about to make a deep
ditch, settling his appetite, and the doctor
has prescribed two medicines. Oh! doctor,
some more of us have taken cold.

John T. has another cap of coffee;
you have cut drunk but a few.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

F. FRAIZE.

SPRING SEASON OF 1879!

THE OLD RELIABLE HOUSE

OF

FRAIZE & MILLER

CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

OUR MOTTO:

RELIABLE GOODS AT LIVING PRICES!

STOCK COMPLETE IN EVERY

DEPARTMENT!

RELIABLE Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,

RELIABLE Fancy Notions and Trimmings.

RELIABLE Men's and Boys' Clothing and Fur-

RELIABLE nishing Goods, all Styles and Prices.

RELIABLE Men's and Boy's Hats, Fur Wool,

RELIABLE and Chlp. A Large Importation.

RELIABLE Men's, Women and Children's Custom-

RELIABLE Made Boots and Shoes.

RELIABLE Java, Cordova, and Rio Coffee, N.

RELIABLE O. Sugars and Molasses.

RELIABLE Hardware, Glassware, Queensware,

RELIABLE Woodenware, Stoneware, Etc.

RELIABLE Bacon and Lard, Flour, Meal and Salt.

RELIABLE FRAIZE & MILLER.

Miss G. T. — likes only one scholar.

Bob, can you send one?

We are glad to learn that the Rev. W.

W. Lambuth is rapidly recovering from his

late illness.

A good deal of borrowing around from

meat houses and corn cribs. Don't we wish

we had a cabbage and turnip store.

Mr. V. Butler was crippled the other day

by a severe fall.

Cousins' Compound Honey of Tar has

been found to be most favorably known that

it needs no encomium. For coughs, colds,

croup, throat, hoarseness, etc., it affords speedy

relief, and is a most pleasant and safe

remedy, heavy and tar being two of its

ingredients. The taste of the chemist,

and the knowledge of a physician were

united in its preparation, the result being a

compound which is the favorite remedy in

this severe climate, and has no equal as a

cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bron-

chitis, croup, etc. Use Cousins' Honey of

Tar, Price 50 cents. For sale by A. R. Fisher,

Cloverport, and Dr. J. M. Taylor, Hardinsburg, Ky.

Pocket-Book Lost.

It was in the town of B. and Mr. S. had

just concluded some purchases when he

made the startling discovery that his pocket-

book was lost. While searching his pockets

he found a book, and said—"Gentlemen,

my pocket-book is lost, just there, has been

something discovered by Dr. T. Gable, of

Nashville, of far greater value. It is the

Book of Pious, which will cure the

Pious in all of selected cases according to

directions. Try it. Price 50 cents a bottle.

For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, and

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Cousins' Compound Honey of Tar will relieve

severe coughs of long standing, and prove a

blessing to all who suffer with affections of

the throat and lungs, and is confidently

offered the public as the best remedy in the

world. In our rigorous climate where coughs

and colds prevail, this favorite remedy

should have a place in every household.

When the little ones are attacked by croup

or whooping cough, nothing will afford such

instant relief as Cousins' Honey of Tar.

Price 50 cents. For sale by A. R. Fisher,

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Female Suicides.

Poor, frail creatures—their life and the

life and the death of the many. The

midnight plunge, the lover's life, the bloody

dagger, the poison's venom are all brought

into requisition to shorten life. And yet

another mode of self-destruction is more

frequent than all others combined. The father

murder and daughter are guilty, the father

smiles an assent. Females are absolutely

barren themselves to premature graves by

refusing to take the long list of female

diseases that constantly afflict them. Some

have become pale, feeble and emaciated,

while others suffer with monthly troubles of

a chronic nature implicating the whole sys-

tem. Young girls have become almost af-
flicted for life and mothers drag a miserable
existence. You can be cured of all this
suffering and joy by using Dr. Drow-
gale's English Female Pills for each
thousand and will cure you. It is a pow-
erful permanent tonic and female regulator.
For sale by A. R. Fisher, Cloverport, Ky.

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